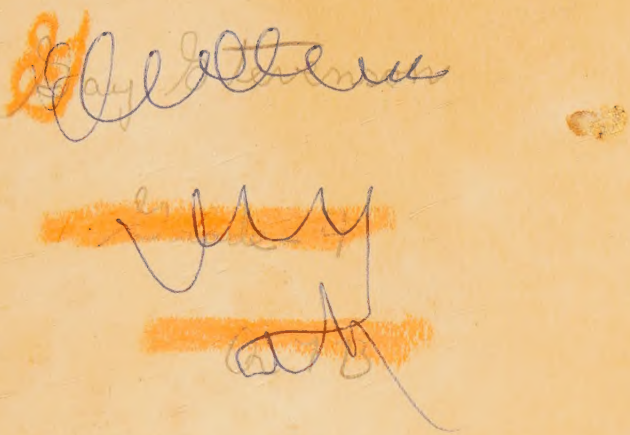
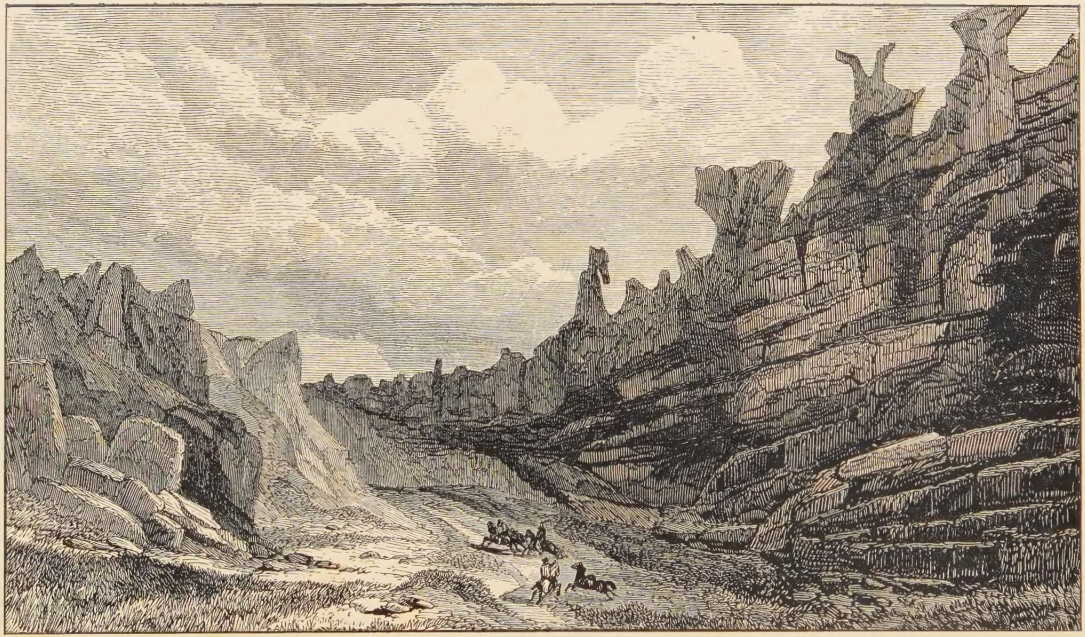
ROUND THE WORLD IN FOLK TALES

Sixteen stories from various lands

RACHEL M. FLEMING





A Wild Ravine in Iceland

ROUND THE WORLD IN FOLK TALES

SIXTEEN STORIES FROM VARIOUS LANDS
WITH A CHAPTER ON THEIR MEANING

COMPILED AND EDITED BY
RACHEL M. FLEMING
AUTHOR OF "ANCIENT TALES FROM MANY LANDS"
"STORIES FROM THE EARLY WORLD," ETC.

WITH SEVENTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The stories in this book have been gathered from many parts of the world, and were first told in many different languages amongst people of other lands. They should remind you that children all the world over, whether tanned by the hot sun to a deep brown or black, or bleached by cloudy skies to pallor and flaxen hair share with you a love for tales. Perhaps these very tales which you are now reading in English are being told to-day to other children in Breton or Hungarian or Russian or Japanese or whatever their native tongue may be.

The stories tell us much about their home land. The "Legend of the Flowers" shows how often parts of Australia suffer from long periods when no rain falls. Notice that the wind which brings moisture and blossoms to

some parts of Australia is the east wind, whereas in England the east wind is dry and often brings frost that nips the buds. The quick blooming of flowers on a bare land after the drought is once over is common to nearly all lands on the desert fringe. "The desert shall blossom as the rose" is more than a poet's dream. Notice, too, that even amongst tribes which had no laws in the sense in which we understand them, it was possible to make a law preserving the few bees left during the dry years, so as to prevent their disappearing altogether. The mention of drought-resisting leaves, of manna, of opossums, are all signs of different plant and animal life. At first white settlers in Australia suffered terribly in periods of drought, just as the natives had done; thousands of sheep perished, and in many places cultivation died out. But this difficulty is now being overcome by making channels from the river, just as you read was done in Khotan (p. 26). The digging of

channels to carry water from the river to the parched soil is an old, old plan that was tried with great success thousands of years ago by the men who lived around the Nile, the Tigris, and the Euphrates, and many another river in a thirsty land. In the lands near the Tigris and Euphrates lay the Garden of Eden, and Genesis ii., verses 5 and 6, may refer to this custom. It has made life possible and easy for man, in lands where little or no rain falls, and where the burning midday sun would otherwise dry the land and cause the young shoots to die.

Other stories in this book show children living on different foods—Little Peachling's dumpling is made from millet and not from suet. Rice is mentioned for Khotan, and maize for the North American Indian. The Bushman stories tell of life where the fear of wild beasts is ever present, and the mention of lions and ostriches in this story and of lions and gazelles in the story of the Sphinx should

set you thinking of the great difference between your experience and that of these other children. The Zulu story tells of the damage done by hailstorms in these regions, and the need for shelter from them, while the story of how our little Zulu friend finally got a fine war assegai in exchange for his bit of "sweet root" shows that trading is very old indeed and can be quite easily done without shops, money, or banks.

The great reward which the Russian merchant received for building a bridge is a sign of how much bridges were needed in a land of rivers. It was often the work of traders to build bridges, but quite often, too, holy men who wished to benefit their fellows built and looked after the bridges. In England in old days the monks had the bridges in their care, and very often a chapel was built close by the bridge, as at Bradford-on-Avon. The Romans were the most famous bridge builders the

world has seen, and the story of Horatius and the Bridge will occur to you. Marco Polo tells us, too, of the fine bridges which the Chinese built hundreds of years ago.

The other Russian story, "The Snow Maiden," brings out clearly the great difference between the severe frosts of the Russian winter and the extreme heat of the Russian summer. The mention of the forest in this story is very important. Russian villages today are often in clearings in the forest. In olden days villages were dotted about in small open spaces in the forests in many other parts of Europe.

The Icelandic and the Breton stories show us the great difference which the coming of Christianity made in the customs of the people. The giants, trolls, and dwarfs, the wise women on ghostly horses, ride away out of the beliefs of the older people into the fairy-tales of the children. The sacred stones, so

common on the west coasts of Europe, become the shrines of Christian saints, as when the sacred stones of St. Ronan became the first church of Locronan.

These notes show only a few of the many things that can be gleaned from stories of life in other lands.

R. M. F.

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The tales in this book are based on the following publications, which are storehouses for the student of folk tale:—

"A Clever Little Fisherman" is based on *Folk Lore*, vol. iv., December, 1893, No. 4; "Melanesian Folk Tales," by R. H. Codrington; and "The Story of Upi" is based on *Folk Lore*, vol. i., No. 1; *Legends from the Torres Straits*, by A. C. Haddon.

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ROUND THE WORLD IN FOLK TALES

I. A LEGEND OF THE FLOWERS

A Story Told Amongst the Blacks of New South Wales, Australia

When Byamee, that wise priest, left the earth and went to dwell in the far-away land of rest that lies beyond the top of the great mountain, a sad change came over the face of the earth. All the flowers that grew on the plains and ridges, and even the blossoms on the trees, withered and died, and none came to take their place. Bare and desolated were plains and trees and ridges without them, and very often the old folk would tell the youngsters tales of the happy days when the world had been gay with flowers. Not only did the folk miss the bright beauty of the flowers, but, alas! the bees too departed, since they could find no flowers from which to collect their honey. In vain did the women of the tribe

go far afield to search for sweet honey, carrying with them the little boats of bark in which they used to bring home the sweet honey in the old days of the flowers. No matter where they searched they returned home with their bark vessels empty.

There were but three trees left in all the land where the bees still made and stored their honey. And the priests would not let the people get the honey from these three because they said that Byamee had put his mark on them, and therefore all the honey stored there was sacred to Byamee and must not be touched. The children cried for honey, for children need sweet food, but, though their mothers could not help grumbling a little, they never touched the sacred honey in the three trees. Byamee was very pleased when he saw their obedience.

So he promised that whenever the land was suffering from drought, which caused the blossoms to wither and the bees to depart, he

A Native Australian Encampment

would send some other sweet food to take the place of the honey. In that part of the world there are two different kinds of box tree, one with shiny and one with gray leaves. Soon white sugary specks were seen upon the shiny leaves of the box tree, and later came the clear manna running down the trees like honey and piling into stiff lumps on the forks of the branches. Sometimes the lumps fell to the ground, and the children who could not climb to get the sweet lumps from the forks of the branches ate them from the ground. The hearts of the people were glad as they gratefully ate the sweet food sent them.

Yet still the priests longed to see the earth again covered with flowers as in the days before Byamee had gone away, and the great drought had set in. So great grew their longing that they determined to travel after him and beg him to make the earth beautiful with flowers as in the old days. They sped to the north-east, and journeyed on and on until they

came to the foot of a great mountain which towered high above them till its top was lost in the clouds. Steep as its sides seemed, the priests at length espied a foothold cut in the rock, and above it another and yet another, so that looking upwards they could see a pathway of steps cut in the rock.

Up this stony ladder they climbed, and when the first day's climb was ended the mountain still seemed high above them. Even at the end of the second and third days they seemed far from the top, but by the end of the fourth day they had reached the summit. There they saw a part of the rock hollowed out, and in it there bubbled forth a spring of fresh water, from which they drank thirstily.

Much refreshed were they by the cool drink, and their weariness fell from them. Near by they saw circles of piled-up stones, and one of these they entered, and almost at once they heard the voice of a spirit sent by Byamee to give them a message. He asked

the priests what they wanted in this place in which the sacred lore of Byamee was told to such as came in search of knowledge. They replied that the earth had looked most dreary since Byamee had left, that the flowers had all died and had never bloomed again. Though Byamee had sent them the manna on the trees to replace the honey that the tribes missed so much, yet they longed to see the flowers again making the earth gay as it had once been.

The spirit then ordered other spirits of the sacred mountain to lift the priests into Byamee's sacred garden, where fadeless flowers never ceased to bloom. Of these the priests might gather as many as they could hold in their hands. The spirits would then lift them back into the sacred circle on the summit of the mountain, and they must return as quickly as possible to their tribes.

As the voice ceased, the priests were lifted up through an opening in the sky and set down in a land of beauty. Flowers bloomed every-

where in such luxuriance as they had never seen before, massed together in brilliant lines of color looking like rainbows on the grass. The priests were quite overcome and shed tears of joy.

Remembering what they had come for, they stooped, and quickly each one plucked a handful of the various blossoms. The spirits then lifted them down again into the stone circle on the summit of the mountain. There the voice of the spirit sounded again, saying, "Tell your tribes, when you take them these flowers, that never again shall the earth be bare of them. All through the seasons a few shall be sent by the different winds, but the east wind shall bring them in plenty, blossoms to every tree and shrub, blossoms to wave amongst the grass on plains and ridges, thick as the hairs on an opossum's skin. But the east wind shall not always make them thus thick, only at times, yet shall the earth never again be quite bare of blossoms. When they

are few and the sweet-breathed wind is not blowing to bring first the showers and then the flowers, and the bees can make scarce enough honey for themselves, then the manna shall again drop from the trees. It shall take the place of honey until the east wind once more blows the rain down the mountain and opens the blossoms for the bees so that there is honey for all. Now make haste and take this promise and the fadeless flowers which are the sign of it to your people."

The voice ceased, and the priests went back to their tribes, bearing the sacred blossoms. Down the stone ladder which had been cut by the spirits for the coming of Byamee they went, and then across the plains and ridges back to the camp of their tribes. Their people flocked around them, gazing with wonder-opened eyes at the blossoms the priests carried. Fresh as when they left Byamee's garden were these flowers, filling the air with fragrance. When the tribes had gazed long

at the blossoms and had been told of the promise made to them by Byamee, the priests scattered the flowers far and wide—some fell on the tree-tops, some on the plains and ridges, and where they fell, their kind have grown ever since. The name of the place where the priests first showed the flowers and scattered them is still the Place of Flowers. There, after the bees of Byamee had made the east wind blow the rain down from the mountain to soften the frost-hardened ground, green grasses shot up, framing fragrant bright flowers of many hues. The trees and shrubs blossomed thickly again and the earth was covered with cool grass and flowers as when Byamee walked on it.

It is the work of the bees of Byamee to make the east wind blow the rain down the mountain that the trees may blossom and the earth bees make honey. Gladly does the east wind do the bidding of the bees, lighting the face of the earth with the smile of rain water.

The messengers who come in the drought bringing the manna are the black ants, who bring the sugary points on to the leaves, and the little gray birds, who bring the manna that runs down the trees.

When they come, the tribesmen say, "A time of drought is here, a great drought is on all the land. Few are the flowers, and the grass-seed has gone. But the sugary specks on the leaves will go, and the manna running down the trees will go, and the drought will go. Then the flowers and the bees will come again, for so it has always been since our priests brought the blossoms from the garden of Byamee."

II. A CLEVER LITTLE FISHERMAN

A Story from the South Sea Islands (Melanesia)

When little Lata was only two days old, his father and mother went kite-fishing and were blown right out to sea. They had covered the baby with a wooden bowl before they went out to sea, and as they didn't come back, you might have thought that the baby would die. Instead of that he grew and flourished amazingly. He saw the light shining in under the edges of the bowl and soon managed to creep out into the light and air. He amused himself by playing with the leaves on the ground, making them into toy canoes and sailing them on the water. He did this with larger and larger leaves until at last, to his great delight, he succeeded in making a canoe in which he could sail about.

When he grew older and stronger he began

A Village on One of the South Sea Islands

The cocoanut palm, which will grow close to the water's edge, is the most valuable plant of these islands.

to cut down a tree to make a real canoe for himself, but each night some one came and put back what he had done. After a time Lata found out who was interfering with his work, made friends with him, and persuaded him to help in making the canoe. Working together, the two soon got the tree properly shaped and carried down to the village, where the various parts and the sails were made and fitted into it. Then feasts were given according to the custom in the islands when a new canoe was completed.

By this time Lata's mother had returned, and when the canoe was launched she warned him that certain fish would jump into it and break it. But Lata didn't give them a chance to do this, for he caught them in a net and brought them home to her to cook. She then warned him against the shark with its cruel teeth, and Lata launched his canoe and speared the shark with a sharp stake and brought it home to her. His mother now told him of a

giant clam in whose shell he and his canoe could easily be lost. Sure enough on his next voyage he found that his canoe was being carried by the current right into an enormous shell. But Lata was too clever to be caught, and saved himself by thrusting an upright log between the lips of the shell. Then he dug out the fish and took that home to his mother. She told him that his troubles were not yet over, for a fierce bird would swoop upon him and pierce him with its beak. He saved himself from this by setting up a banana stalk in the canoe and hiding himself below. The bird swooped down and thrust its beak into the banana stalk, and, as it did this, Lata seized it by the wings and took it home to his mother to cook.

His mother told him that his next task would be to save himself from the stomach of a huge fish which was so large that it could swallow him, canoe and all. Next day the current carried him and his canoe right into

the monster's stomach, but Lata had taken a sharp knife and soon began cutting the monster so fiercely that it cried out in alarm. He was careful not to kill it, for he would then have been unable to escape. But he told the monster that unless it swam to shore and let him come out he would go on hurting it. So Lata came ashore and managed to drag out his canoe and to give the monster over to the hermit crabs to be devoured.

Soon after this a great tidal wave threatened to swamp his canoe, but the crabs came to his aid, and broke the force of the wave so that he sailed safely through.

His greatest remaining enemy was the Land Crab at Netepa (Taumoko in the Luff group). He sailed off to face the Land Crab, having painted himself red, white, and black. The Land Crab much admired the effect of the red, white, and black paint, and asked Lata how it could be done for him too. Lata then persuaded the Crab to sit still while he

made a great fire and heaped on wood. Soon the Crab became so very hot that he turned quite red. "Oh, that's all right," said Lata; "that's the first stage in growing beautiful." And before he could make any further complaints the Crab died and Lata and his mother feasted on him.

Loading Native Boats Near Torres Straits

III. THE STORY OF UPI

Between New Guinea and Australia

Once upon a time in Badu, in the Torres Straits, a mother hung her baby boy, Upi, in a basket near the open door. Then she went off into the bush to make her garden. The south-east wind was blowing, and a fierce gust shook the basket down and carried it out on to some grass, and little Upi rolled out of the basket on to the grass.

Now as his mother was digging, the stick which she was thrusting into the ground broke, and she guessed at once that something was amiss. She said to herself, "I ought not to have left my baby boy. Perhaps some one has stolen him." She hurried home, only to find that both basket and boy had disappeared. Crying bitterly all the time, she searched far

and wide, but could not find her baby, for it chanced that a man and his wife had passed that way and taken the child.

The man, as usual, was walking in front, and the woman was following a little distance behind, when the man heard Upi cry, and said, "Who is making that noise?" Twice he heard the baby's cry, though his wife heard nothing, and after hunting about for a time he found Upi among the grass. "Hello," he called to his wife, "here's a baby boy in the grass!" He put little Upi back into the basket, and as they both felt sorry for the child and had no son of their own, they determined to adopt it.

Now when they told the men of the village next morning that they had found a boy and were going to adopt him, two warriors said, "We are going to have a game and you can watch us." Then they stuck two posts into the ground about a foot apart, and said to the man, "Give us the boy; we are going to spear

him." At first the man refused, but in the end he and his wife had to hand over poor little Upi. The men tied his arms and legs to the two posts, and used him as a target for their throwing-sticks. But, though the poor little chap cried a good deal, he throve well and grew rapidly, in spite of the cruel way in which the men treated him. At night the man and his wife took Upi down and washed and fed him, but in the morning they were forced to tie him up again. At last Upi persuaded the man to untie the rope while the warriors slept, and he slipped off into the bush. There he found two skulls in a house in the bush. He washed them and put them side by side, and said to them, "Every one is throwing spears at me, but you will tell me what to do." They told him to go in a certain direction, where he would find a particular kind of bamboo, and to kick the base of the stem with his heel, when the bamboo would split and he could creep inside.

Everything happened as the skulls foretold, and Upi crept into the split bamboo, and at night came out and made a fire for himself. Next day the warriors from the village took their bows and arrows and went into the bush to hunt for Upi. They soon found him, and threatened to kill him. Then Upi struck the bamboo; it split open, and in he went. The men tried to attack the cane, but it jumped about and slashed the men with its leaves, so that they were killed. Upi did nothing inside the bamboo; his namesake, the bamboo upi, did everything for him. Then the bamboo jumped about again and swept the ground clear with its leaves, and to this day bamboos grow in clear spaces with no bushes beneath them.

When the rest of the men from the village came to avenge their comrades and to search for Upi, the bamboo jumped about and cleared them all off in the same way. Upi then came out, and asked the skulls what he should do

next. They told him to go back and split all the bamboos, for they were all his now. Then Upi went back to his own village and found his own mother, who was so pleased to see him that she cried for joy.

IV. A JAPANESE TOM THUMB

Many hundred years ago there lived in Japan an honest old woodcutter and his wife. One fine morning he went off to the hills with his bill-hook to cut faggots, whilst his wife went down to the stream to wash the linen. As she knelt by the river she saw a peach floating downstream. She picked it up and carried it home, thinking that it would be a nice tit-bit for her husband's supper.

The old man came down from the hills, and the good wife set the peach before him. Just as she was inviting him to eat it, hey presto! the fruit split open, and there was a tiny baby crying in it! The old couple were greatly astonished, but they brought up the babe as if it had been their own, and because it had been found in a peach they called it "Little Peachling." The tiny chap showed

A Scene from Japan

himself strong and brave, and throve apace. One day he said to his foster-parents, "I am going to the ogres' island to carry off the riches that they have stored up there. Please make me some millet dumplings for the journey."

So the old folks ground the millet and made the dumplings for him. Then they kissed him fondly, and Little Peachling set forth gayly upon his travels. As he was journeying along he fell in with an ape, who gibbered at him and said, "Kia! kia! kia! where are you off to, Little Peachling?" "To the ogres' island to carry off their treasure," replied he. "What are you carrying at your girdle?" said the ape. "The very best millet dumpling ever made in Japan," proudly replied Little Peachling. "If you'll give me one, I will come with you," said the ape. Little Peachling at once agreed, and the ape followed him upon his travels.

Presently they heard a pheasant calling,

"Ken! ken! ken! where are you off to, Master Peachling?" Little Peachling answered as before, and the pheasant begged for and received a millet dumpling. Then the pheasant, like the ape, entered Little Peachling's service, and followed him upon his travels. Shortly afterwards they met a dog. "Bow! wow! wow! whither away, Master Peachling?" "I'm off to the ogres' island to carry off their treasure," again replied the brave little fellow. "If you will give me one of those nice millet dumplings of yours, I'll come with you," said the dog. "With all my heart," replied Little Peachling. Then he went on his way, followed by the ape, the pheasant, and the dog.

When they reached the ogres' island, the pheasant flew over the castle gate, the ape clambered over the castle wall, whilst Little Peachling, leading the dog, forced open the gate and got into the castle. The four then did battle with the ogres and took their king

prisoner. As soon as they saw their king captured, the ogres did homage to Little Peachling, and brought out their treasures to lay at his feet. There were caps and coats that made their wearers invisible, jewels that could make the tide ebb or flow (just like the jewel which Prince Fireshine received from his father-in-law), coral, musk, emeralds, amber, tortoiseshell, silver, and gold. So Little Peachling went home laden with riches. There he kept his foster-parents, the woodcutter and his wife, in peace and plenty for the rest of their lives.

V. THE PRINCESS WHO LIKED SILKEN ROBES

A Story from Khotan (Turkestan)

A Chinese traveler of long ago has left a record of many things which he saw and heard in the kingdom of Khotan. In one great city there is a most beautiful statue of Buddha, and on its head is a jeweled ornament. The story goes that it once belonged to Kashmir. A disciple who lived in Kashmir was very ill and longed for a cake made from sown rice, and his teacher, knowing that this could be obtained in Khotan, went thither to fetch it for him. The disciple ate it and recovered from his illness, and in gratitude the image of the Buddha was taken from Kashmir to Khotan.

In olden times the people of Khotan knew

On the Road to Khotan

The wall is the famous "Great Wall of China" which for hundreds of years defended China on the North and West. It is considered one of the wonders of the world.

nothing of mulberry trees or of silkworms, for the Ruler of China kept the secret of rearing silkworms, and would not allow any foreigner to learn it. Guards were placed along the eastern frontier to see that neither mulberry seeds nor silkworms' eggs were carried across the borders of his country.

Now a certain King of Khotan sent messengers to China, asking permission to wed a princess of that land and promising his allegiance to the King of China. The latter was well pleased and made all arrangements for the marriage. Then the King of Khotan sent an escort to fetch the Princess, and told one of the messengers to find a chance of whispering thus to the Eastern Princess, "Our country has neither silk nor silken stuffs. If you wish to make silken robes for yourself, you had better bring with you some mulberry seeds and some silkworms."

The Princess was very fond of silken robes, and thought this a good piece of advice. She

secretly got some silkworms' eggs and some mulberry seeds and hid them in her head-dress. When she and her escort came to the barrier, the guards searched them, but did not dare to take off the Princess's head-dress. So she arrived safely in Khotan, bearing the precious seeds and eggs. In the spring-time the mulberry seeds were planted, and until the leaves began to shoot they managed to rear the silkworms on other leaves which the Princess, now Queen of Khotan, selected.

Afterwards, when it was possible to feed them on mulberry leaves, they throve apace. The Queen then wrote on a stone a decree, saying, "It is not permitted to kill the silkworm. After the butterfly has gone, then the silk may be twined off the cocoon." A convent was founded by the Queen on the spot where the first silkworms were bred; and there are still to be seen about the place many old mulberry-tree trunks, which the people say are remains of the first trees planted.

From that time onward silkworms have been reared in Khotan, and laws have been made to protect them.

Not far away from this convent is a river flowing to the north-west.[1] The people find this river of great use, for they make channels from it to carry the water to the parched land and so make it possible for rice to be grown. Once this river nearly dried up and ceased to flow regularly, and there was great distress and famine in the land. The King was much troubled, and thought that perhaps he was ruling unjustly. But he was assured by the wise men that the fault did not lie with him, and that the river had dried up because there was a dragon living in it. The King thereupon offered sacrifices to the dragon and begged it to allow the river to flow again.

Upon this a woman came from the stream and said that her husband, who was the Lord of the River, had just died, so that there was

[1] Possibly the Karakash or the Khotan-daria.

no one to control and direct the flow of the water. This it was which had brought such disaster to the husbandmen who depended on the canals bringing water from the river for their crops. She then begged the King to send her a wise ruler in place of her husband. The King returned to his palace, and, having called his ministers of State together, told them the whole story. He added, "Agriculture is the secret of men's lives. Without food, death must overtake the people. What is to be done?"

A wise old minister then arose and threw himself at the feet of the King. "In view of the good of the whole kingdom, of what use is the life of one minister? I pray you to choose me."

The King agreed, and a great feast was made, with music and rejoicing. Then the minister bade farewell to the King and the people and, pressing his horse, rode into the river. He did not sink until he reached mid-

stream, when the waters opened and swallowed the horse and its rider. A short time afterwards, the horse again appeared floating on the stream and bearing a sandalwood drum. In this was a letter saying that the drum was to be hung at the south-east end of the city, where it would be the first to sound the alarm if an enemy approached. The letter added that the minister would so rule his river kingdom as to see that there was always water for the husbandmen of Khotan. Soon afterwards the river began to rise and flow in its old useful way. Many, many years have passed since then, and all that remains of the city that used to flourish by the river, where the drum was brought up, are the ruins of an old convent, half buried in the sands blown across Khotan by the fierce winds from the desert.

VI. THE SALT SMUGGLER

A Chinese Story

Salt is so much a part of our diet that we are apt to forget all about it, just as the old Hungarian king did.[1] It has been, however, one of the most important things in man's history. Men who lived by pasturing flocks, and so had plenty of fresh milk and fresh meat, did not need it so much. But when men began to live on the crops that they raised—barley, rye, wheat, millet, or rice—they needed salt urgently, and thus wherever men have become tillers of the soil instead of hunters, or herders, salt has become of great importance to them. It has also been of the very greatest use to man because of its power of keeping food from decaying—"Ye are the salt of the earth" is a saying that means much.

[1] See "Salt": A Hungarian Story, p. 92.

A Chinese Rice Field

The natives are transplanting the plants in much the same way as we transplant lettuce. Mulberry bushes are growing on the banks. The overseer carries an umbrella as a sign of authority.

Flooding the Rice Field

Two men are raising the water by hand. On the bank is the water buffalo used in plowing.

This need for salt led men to travel great distances to obtain it, and some of the oldest trading routes of the world were salt-trade routes. Herodotus tells us of the salt-trade routes in North Africa, and Marco Polo tells us of them in Western Asia, and describes, too, how salt was used as money. Homer mentions the salt trade; in fact, salt has played a great part in history at all times. In most countries rulers have taken advantage of man's urgent need for salt and have put taxes on it, and the collectors of this tax often caused much hardship by their unfair exactions. We have no salt tax, so there has not been the discontent and anger that the salt tax has aroused in other lands, such as France and China. The people of France and of China are skillful tillers of the soil, and salt is a necessity for them, so that injustice in collecting the salt tax made great trouble in these lands.

Here is a story from China which shows with what bitter feelings the people regarded

the men who collected the salt tax. In a little village named Kao-wan, in China, lived a man named Wang, who earned his living by smuggling salt into the village and selling it at cheap rates to the poor folk who could not afford to buy it from the salt merchant. This salt merchant was the only person who had the right to sell salt in Kao-wan, and as he was greedy and dishonest, he charged such very high prices for it that there was great distress in the village. Now Wang knew very well that if the salt merchant caught him selling the smuggled salt to the villagers he would be severely punished.

Picture his dismay, therefore, when one night, as he was carrying some salt into the village under cover of the darkness, he was seized by two men. He thought, of course, that they were men sent by the salt merchant to arrest him, and hurriedly flinging down the salt, he tried to run away. But, alas! his legs

gave way beneath him, and he was seized and bound. He begged his captors to set him free, and promised not to smuggle salt any more, but the men only laughed and said, "We are not sent by the salt merchant; we are sent by the devil."

On hearing this, poor Wang was indeed horrified, and begged the devils just to let him go and bid farewell to his wife and children. They would not agree, however, and told him that he need not be frightened, as he was not going to die and be kept down below for ever. "You are only wanted for a time to help us with a most unpleasant job," said they. When Wang asked what the work was, they told him that it was to clean out the river and the cells. These had become choked with all sorts of foul things, and the Judge of the Lower World had decided that the worst sinners on earth should be fetched down below for a day or two to help clean away the mess.

The Judge had mentioned among the worst sinners those who cheated the people of their much-needed salt, and, as Wang was a salt smuggler, the two messengers had seized him.

He was taken by the two devils to the realms below and brought before the Judge, who turned up his name in the record book. Upon reading his record the Judge became very angry indeed—but not with poor Wang! His anger was roused against his two messengers. "This man," said he, "is among the most virtuous of all men, for he has struggled to help those who would otherwise have had to do without salt because of their poverty. The sinners who cheat the people of their salt are the greedy merchants who, because the law allows no one else to sell salt, raise the price so high that poor folk cannot buy it." He then ordered his two messengers to take four pecks of salt to Wang's cottage, and also to find the salt that Wang had thrown away in his fright and to give it back to him. After

this he turned to Wang and gave him an iron scourge, telling him to go and watch the people working at the river and to beat them with the scourge if they were being lazy. So Wang went off to the river and found its waters dark and dirty, while an unwholesome smell from it filled the whole place.

There were crowds of sinners working at clearing it and at first Wang thought they all looked as much like one another as ants on an ant-heap. But after a time he noticed the very salt merchant of Kao-wan, who had caused so much misery to Wang and his friends, working away in the bed of the river. As Wang looked at him, he paused, and up went Wang with the iron scourge and gave him a good beating. Presently the work was finished, and the two devils brought Wang back home to his own cottage. There he found the bags of salt waiting for him. His wife told him that the salt merchant had been seized with a dreadful illness during Wang's

absence. Wang was not surprised to hear this, but he thought it best to say nothing at all about his strange adventures, especially as the greedy salt merchant gave up his office and left Kao-wan.

VII. THE BOY AND THE DEER [1]

An American Indian Story from Nambe Pueblo

Long ago there lived in Nambe Pueblo an old man who leaned on a stick, and a plump old woman with wrinkled legs. They had a daughter named White Corn Maiden, and she had a little son named Pha-tegi-enu. When Pha-tegi-enu was about five years old and began to play with other boys, he noticed that they said, "My father made me this bow, my father made me this arrow, my father made me this shinny stick, my father made me this ball." So he imitated them and said, "My father made me this," but the other little boys mocked him and said, "You have no

[1] For this story I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. H. J. Spinden of Peabody Museum, Cambridge, Mass., who placed the MS. at my disposal, and also to the American Museum of Natural History, under whose auspices it was collected.

father." "Yes, I have," said he; "my grandfather is my father." Then the little boys mocked him again.

So he ran home to his grandfather and asked him whether he had a father like other boys. His grandfather sent him to his mother, who was grinding corn. He said to her, "Who is my father?" "Why do you want to know?" said she. Then Pha-tegi-enu said, "When we are playing the boys say, 'My father made me this bow and arrow,' but when I said the same they mocked me and said, 'You have no father.'" His mother comforted him and told him that he had a father who lived in Ashes Pueblo and was called Ashes Youth. So when he went out to play next time he had an answer ready for the boys.

There was one curious thing about Pha-tegi-enu. He would never wash his face and hands! Each morning his mother and grandfather would send him down to the river and

tell him to wash his face and hands, and Pha-tegi-enu would just hide and come back as dirty as ever. When he was twelve years old his mother could bear it no longer, and said, "Pha-tegi-enu, you must go out and wash your face and hands. If you don't do this, you must never come back to my house." So he went out and didn't come back to his mother's house. Instead of that he made a fire and slept by it that night. Towards dawn the deer captain used to go from the mountains on the east to the mountains on the west, and as he passed Pha-tegi-enu he pushed him with his nose and awoke him. "What are you doing here?" said the deer. "Have your people driven you out?" "Yes," said the lad; "they have driven me out because I would not wash my hands and face."

The deer then gave the boy white, blue, and red native bread and told him not to wash his hands and face. Now Pha-tegi-enu's mother arose in the dawn to throw cornmeal to the

stone gods. She called to her father, "Look! that lazy fellow has built a fire out there and some one has given him white bread to eat." Presently Pha-tegi-enu came back into the pueblo eating red bread, and the people all said, "Look! some one has given that lazy fellow red bread to eat."

When it was night he lay down to sleep in the same place, and the deer captain again came and pushed him with his nose and awoke him. "Here is some bread," said he, "and when I come back I will stop and take you with me, for you are my boy now." Pha-tegi-enu got up, made a fire, and sat down to eat his bread. Presently the deer captain returned and said, "Now you are my boy. I will take you home. Fold your little cotton blanket." Pha-tegi-enu folded his little cotton blanket, and the deer said, "Now put it here between my two horns." The deer bent down, and the boy sat upon the little cotton blanket between the two horns of the deer

captain, who bore him swiftly to his home in the eastern mountains.

As they were going between the two mountains of the Nambe canyon, Pha-tegi-enu began to weep because he was being taken from his home and felt lonesome, but the deer captain comforted him and said, "Do not cry, my boy, I love you, and you are my son now." When they came to the eastern mountains the other deer came out to meet him and said, "Here comes our captain bringing our brother Pha-tegi-enu."

That night there was a meeting of all the deer, and the deer captain told them that he had brought the boy to them because his mother and grandfather did not like him. The other deer at once said that they would have to bath him and wash his hands and face, but the deer captain said, "Not yet. We must keep him four days before we wash him, and then we will wash him and call a meeting of all the animals and birds and show him

to them." So Pha-tegi-enu was kept for four days; on the first two days they gave him bread and water, and on the last two days only an ear of roasted maize.

On the fourth day there was a meeting to which all the birds and animals came. All the deer came with little bundles of grass, and the birds came with little bundles of seeds. The coyotes and skunks and bears and mountain lions brought meat. Then the deer captain said, "Here are three kinds of food. Whichever kind of food Pha-tegi-enu eats, he will belong to that group. If he eats the dry grass he will be the child of the deer, if he eats the seeds he will be the child of the birds, and if he eats the meat he will be the child of the other animals." Then all the birds and animals cried, "Mine is best. Mine is best."

The deer captain and Pha-tegi-enu stood up together. The boy was dressed in a cotton shirt, cotton leggings, and deerskin moc-

casins, and around his waist he had a cotton belt with ball tassels that hung on his right side. His hands were washed and his face was washed, and he was very fine to look upon. Around his neck he wore beads, and around his wrists were bracelets of jet and turquoise. They two stood together, and all the other animals and birds stood opposite, each holding food and crying, "Mine is best. Mine is best."

The deer captain and the boy took four steps forward, and on the fourth step Pha-tegi-enu ate grass and became the child of the deer. The other animals and birds were very angry and went off with their food grumbling, "The deer captain knew this all the time and was fooling us." After that the boy went out with the deer and ate grass with them, but he still remained a boy. There came a day when Pha-tegi-enu's uncle went out hunting, and the deer captain said to the boy, "To-day your uncle is coming to hunt us. You must

stay close by me. He will shoot four times, and I shall run fast and you must run too, so that he will not be able to see you clearly." Everything happened as the deer captain said, and all the deer and Pha-tegi-enu escaped unhurt. But the boy's uncle called a meeting of hunters and told them that there were deer on the eastern mountains who had a boy amongst them. So they made preparations for four days and agreed that the man who had the best luck in the hunt should take the boy. The deer captain called a meeting of the deer and told them that many of them would be killed in the hunt. "And I choose to be killed by Pha-tegi-enu's uncle," said he. The other deer chose to be killed by this one or that one. The deer captain told Pha-tegi-enu that he was to fall across his body when he had been slain by Pha-tegi-enu's uncle.

On the fourth day the hunters formed a great ring round the deer and shot them as they tried to escape, and at the fourth shot the

deer captain was slain. Then Pha-tegi-enu fell across his dead friend's body. His uncle cried, "Hoi, hoi, hoi," and ran up to the boy, and all the other hunters came too. The boy's uncle did not know him, and asked him who he was, and to which pueblo he belonged. Pha-tegi-enu told them that he was from Nambe Pueblo, and that his mother was White Corn Maiden, and that she said his father was Ashes Youth from Ashes Pueblo, but that he had never seen his father. He then agreed to go with his uncle, who claimed the deer and the boy because he had had the best luck. But he said he would only go on condition that he was put into a room where there was no fire. The uncle went on ahead to prepare his room, and told the boy's mother and grandfather that he had been found, but that he must be kept in a room without fire. So they prepared for him the little look-out room on the top of the communal building. After dark Pha-tegi-enu, who had said he did

not wish to be seen, was taken up to the little room, and his uncle shut the door and fastened it. Then a council of winter shamans and of summer shamans was called, and each of these wise men was asked what could be done to make Pha-tegi-enu eat human food again. The summer shamans called the war captain of the pueblo and told him to watch the little house for four days, and not to let any one come near it.

All this time Pha-tegi-enu's mother was longing to have a peep at her son and see how he looked, and with each day her longing grew more intense. On the third day the war captain chanced not to feel well and went away from his post to rest. The boy's mother could not resist the temptation of taking one little look at her son, who was still dear to her. So she ran upstairs and peeped through the door and saw her Pha-tegi-enu sitting there on a turquoise chair and looking very fine indeed. She was very happy to see him look so well

PUEBLO VILLAGE (MEXICO)

The man in the mask is dressed in this way to take part in a ceremony to bring rain. The spots are bright red, yellow, and blue. The Pueblo peoples have gradually taken to a settled life instead of a hunting life. The leader is in the garb of settled life, while the man following is wearing a hunting costume.

and fine, and ran off home to make her bread. The war captain came back and did not know that any one had peeped in until he heard a queer sound in the room like the light pattering of deer's feet. He at once knew that Pha-tegi-enu had been changed into a deer because some one had disobeyed the shamans and peeped at him. A meeting of the shamans was called, and it was agreed to let the deer out, and to shoot at him four times, and if they missed him each of those four times he was to be allowed to go free and run wild.

They opened the door, the deer jumped out; they shot at him and missed him. The deer jumped into the middle of the plaza; they shot at him a second time and missed him. His next jump took him to the side of the plaza; they shot at him a third time and missed him. His fourth jump took him to where the corrals were, and the fourth shot missed him. He then sprang off into the mountains, and to this day the deer are called the children of Pha-tegi-enu.

VIII. UHLA-KAN-YAN-A

A Zulu Tale (South Africa)

There was once a Zulu mother whose little son was cunning and wise from the very first hour of his life. No sooner was he born than he began to talk, saying, "Mother, my father's cattle are being eaten. There will soon be no cattle in the kraal for him." Then he walked off to the men's council to advise them what to do about the cattle. The men, however, were much afraid of him, and when he sat down by the fire and ate a strip of meat they ran off to his mother. "Oh, our Queen," said they, "we thank you for the child you have given us. He has made us all wonder at his wisdom."

There are many stories of the clever tricks he played, not only on the men in his own vil-

lage, but even on various cannibal giants he met on his travels. Sometimes, too, he played tricks on animals, and he easily managed to cheat the leopard, the hare, and the buck, though once he himself was tricked by an animal. This animal was the iguana, a kind of lizard, which has a crest of long slender scales running from the nape of its neck to the tip of its very long tail. Uhla-kan-yan-a met the iguana at the top of a tree. "Good morning," said the iguana. "I thank you," replied the boy; "good morning to you, iguana." The iguana said, "Lend me your flute. I want to hear just how it sounds." "I can't," said the boy; "I am afraid you will run off with it into the pool beneath the tree, for I know you love deep water." The iguana then agreed to go with the boy into the open country far from the pool, and when they had gone a good distance the iguana persuaded Uhla-kan-yan-a to lend him the flute. He played upon it and enjoyed it so much that he begged to

be allowed to keep it just for one day. But the boy grew very angry at this, and ordered the iguana to give it up at once. Instead of doing so, the creature suddenly lashed out with its long spiny tail and hit the boy very smartly with it, and while he was still stunned with the pain, the cunning animal dashed off to the bottom of the pool with the flute.

As for cannibals and giants, this cunning Uhla-kan-yan-a conquered them in all sorts of ways, though he was such a small, frail person. Once he met an ogre who was hungry. It chanced that the boy had just killed a leopard by a trick, so he said to the ogre, "Good morning, Brother of my Mother, here is some meat for you, for I see you are hungry." The ogre answered, "Child of my Sister, I thank you. I was very, very hungry." Uhla-kan-yan-a then suggested that they should build a hut and thatch it, for the sky was heavy with clouds and the rain was certainly going to fall. Soon the hut was ready

Zulu Warriors with Iron-Tipped Weapons and Hide Shields

to be thatched, and the boy said to the ogre, "You go up outside and I will be inside and push the thatching needle for you."

Now the ogre had long, long hair, and as the boy thatched, he worked in the hair of the ogre and knotted it by separate locks into different parts of the thatch. Suddenly the hail began to rattle down furiously, but the ogre could not get down from the roof because his hair was woven into the thatch, and so the force of the hailstones killed him, and Uhla-kan-yan-a was saved again.

Another time he came to an ogre's hut carrying a little bag. He told the ogre that he was going off to fetch his cousin, but suggested that before he went he should mend the doorway, which had become much too big and might let in enemies. The ogre agreed, and, as it was dusk, lay down to sleep. The boy worked away as quickly as he could, and made the doorway so very small that even a boy, much less an ogre, could not have passed

through it. Then he called to the ogre, "Open the bag I left you, for I have made the door too small." The ogre opened the bag, and out there came a snake, a wasp, and a scorpion, who stung him to death.

At last he came back to his mother's village, just in time to take part in a wedding dance. As he went home from the dance he came to a hill on which there was growing a sweet root which Zulu children like very much, both raw and cooked, though older people do not, as a rule, fancy it. He took his little digging stick, about a foot and a half long, made of wood carved at each end into the shape of a hand and hardened at the edges by being thrust into the hot ashes. Then he dug up the sweet root and took it home to his mother. "Mother, cook my sweet root for me. I am going to milk." His mother cooked it and then tasted it to see what it was like. She found it so nice that she ate it all. Presently the child came back and said, "Mother, give

me my sweet root." His mother told him that she had eaten it. Then he began to whimper, and said, "Give me my sweet root, for I dug it up on a very little knoll when I was coming home from the wedding dance." To comfort him his mother gave him a milk-pail, and off he went. He fell in with some boys who were herding sheep and milking them into broken pieces of pottery. He said, "Please use my milk-pail, but give me a little milk to drink." They milked into it in turn, but, alas! the last boy broke it.

Then Uhla-kan-yan-a began to whimper, and said, "Give me my milk-pail; the milk-pail that my mother gave me because she had eaten my sweet root; the sweet root that I dug up on a very little knoll when I was coming home from the wedding dance." To comfort him they gave him a knife, and off he went.

He fell in with some other boys eating liver and cutting it into slices with the rind of a

sugar-cane. He said to them, "Please use my knife to cut the slices, but give me a little to eat." In the hands of the last boy the knife broke. Then the child began to whimper, and said, "Give me back my knife; the knife that the boys who broke my milk-pail gave me; the milk-pail that my mother gave me because she had eaten my sweet root; the sweet root that I dug up on a very little knoll when I was coming home from the wedding dance." To comfort him they gave him an ax, and off he went.

He met with some women fetching firewood, and said, "My mothers, with what are you cutting the firewood?" They laughed at the little chap, and said, "Old fellow, we are not cutting it with anything." He replied, "Please use my ax and give it back to me when you have finished with it." And in the hand of the last woman the ax broke! Then the little chap began to whimper, and said, "Give me back my ax; the ax that the boys

who broke my knife gave me; the knife that the boys who broke my milk-pail gave me; the milk-pail that my mother gave me because she had eaten my sweet root; the sweet root that I dug up on a very little knoll when I was coming home from the wedding dance." To comfort him the women gave him a blanket, and off he went.

He came upon two young men sleeping with nothing to cover them. "Why, friends," said he, "do you sleep without clothing? Have you no blanket? Please try this of mine." In their sleep they kept pulling it one from the other and tore it. Morning came, and the boy whimpered, "Give me my blanket; the blanket that the women gave me because they broke my ax; the ax that the boys who broke my knife gave me; the knife that the boys who broke my milk-pail gave me; the milk-pail that my mother gave me because she had eaten my sweet root; the sweet root that I dug up on a very little knoll

when I was coming home from the wedding dance." To comfort him they gave him a shield, and off he went.

He fell in with some men fighting a leopard, and they had no shield. "Please take this shield of mine," said he. They took it, and killed the leopard without receiving any scratch themselves, but the hand-loop of the shield broke. Then he began to whimper, "Give me my shield; the shield given to me by the young men who tore my blanket; the blanket that the women gave me because they broke my ax; the ax that the boys who broke my knife gave me; the knife that the boys who broke my milk-pail gave me; the milk-pail that my mother gave me because she had eaten my sweet root; the sweet root that I dug up on a very little knoll when I was coming home from the wedding dance." To comfort him they gave him a fine war-assegai, and off he went.

Sometime, perhaps, I may tell you what he did with that!

IX. TWO BUSHMAN STORIES ABOUT LIONS

Stories from South Africa

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO SAVED HER PARENTS

A little Bushman girl sat by her parents, who lay fast asleep on dried-grass beds; the child was hungry, and cried for some "Bushman rice." Her cries attracted a lion, which came cautiously sniffing towards the three. The child saw the lion, stopped crying, and hurriedly set fire to some of the dried grass on which her parents were sleeping. Then when the lion came close to seize her she set its mane on fire with the dried grass. The startled animal dashed off into the bush, which was dry, and soon caught fire from the lion's burning mane, and the lion was burned to death in the blazing bush. The child's

mother was much delighted at the clever way in which the little one had saved them from the fierce beast, so she gave the child an ostrich egg-shell full of the "Bushman rice" for which she had been crying when the lion attacked her.

THE MAN WHO FOUND A LION IN HIS CAVE

Once in the wild and heavy rain a Bushman thought he would take shelter in a cave and sleep there for the night. It was very dark in the bush—so dark that the man could not find his way home; indeed, he could not see where he was walking, but just felt about for a place of shelter from the drenching rain. He managed to find the entrance to a cave, and crept in.

Now it so chanced that a lion had passed that way, had entered the cave, found it warm and dry, and had dropped off to sleep. The man, as he crept in, heard the sound of

African Lions

breathing, and was about to call to ask who was there. But fear took hold upon him, for he did not know whether the breathing was that of men or of animals, and he dreaded to awaken some enemy. Gently he approached the part of the cave from which the sound came, and discovered to his dismay that a sleeping lion lay there. On tiptoe he stepped backward, turned round a little, then tiptoed out of the cave, and ran off as fast as he could in the thick darkness and the heavy rain. His heart was sad within him, for he knew that when the lion awoke it would smell out his scent and pursue him. At the first faint dawn of day the poor wretch was still running, and he heard behind him the noise of the lion pursuing him, for it had smelt his scent in the cave, and had gone round sniffing and growling and snatching at the places where the man's scent was strongest.

He was panting and hard pressed and nearly worn out when he saw a glare in front of him.

At first he feared it was a lion's eye, but as he drew nearer he perceived to his great joy that it was a fire, around which men were sleeping. He threw himself down amongst them, and said, "Have I not walked with death this night, oh, ye people, for I entered the cave of a sleeping lion. Had it been awake, I should never have seen the light again." Then he told of his dreadful experience, and even as he told the story, up came the lion. With the help of burning brands from the fire, and their spears, they kept the lion at bay till the sun rose and the day broke. Then the lion turned and left them, for this animal does not stay when the sun comes out; it attacks the Bushmen at night, but goes off as soon as the sun gets high in the sky.

X. TOLD BY A BUSHMAN BOY

From South Africa

THESE ARE SOME THINGS WHICH A BUSHMAN BOY WAS TOLD BY HIS MOTHER

Mother told me that when a man does not come home with the rest, his wife stands by the door and looks out. If she sees dust thrown into the air, then she knows that her husband is in distress. So she calls to the people and tells them, "Some one seems to be throwing up dust." Then all the people run out saying, "The sun is killing him. We must run quickly and give him water, for his heart is fainting from the heat of the sun." For to throw up dust is a way that the Bushmen have of signaling for help. After running after springbok or other game in the intense heat of the sun, a man may grow suddenly

weary and stagger and fall. Then he throws up the dust, for he knows that the heat of the sun is bringing darkness and cold upon him, and that he cannot return home without help. The people come running up to where he lies and pour water over him to cool him, and presently he feels better and sits up to remove the darkness from his face, for the darkness that comes from the heat of the sun is like night. That is what my mother told me.

Mother told me that the stars know when a man is to die, for when a star was seen to fall from the sky, people say, "Why has that star fallen? Surely we shall hear bad news, for the star is telling us that something which is not good has happened in another place." Now when the star has fallen, the bird called the hammer-head comes flying over our head and cries twice, so that we are sure something is wrong. The hammer-head is a strange bird found all over this region, living by ponds, marshes, rivers, and lakes. It feeds on the

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BUSHMAN PAINTINGS FROM BURLEY CAVE, CAPE COLONY

The animals are elands and they are being stalked by hunters disguised with heads and skins.

frogs and small fish in them, and flits about with great rapidity in the dusk of the evening. Sometimes when two or three hammer-heads are feeding in the same small pond they will dance together in a very funny way, skipping round one another, opening and closing their wings, bowing, and performing all sorts of strange antics.

When mother and the others heard the hammer-head calling, they would say, "Go away and plunge into the Orange River, where the stars stand in the water, for we know what you come to tell us." Mother and the others thought that the bird would then take the story into the river where the stars stand in the water. For mother said that the hammer-head lives in the water where we see all things, and that is how it knows the news.

Mother used to tell us that when the Rain God is angry he sends out his lightning and thunderbolts and kills our maidens. Then the

maidens become changed into stars in the water or into beautiful flowers in the water. Mother told us to be sure not to try to take the pretty stars and flowers out of the water, for they are the wives of the Rain God, and if we stoop and stretch into the water to take them he will grow angry, and cause us to fall in and be drowned. Mother told us, too, that if the Rain God sent out the lightning and its black, pointed, shining thunderbolts we were to look up quickly and at once, for then our eyes would shine like thunderbolts, and the Rain God would respect them and send his thunderbolts to sit on the ground instead of to kill us.

Mother used to give the children the heart of the leopard to eat, for the leopard has no fear. But little children must not eat the heart of the jackal, for the jackal is more than a little afraid. It will run away when it has not even seen a child, but has only heard the rustle of his feet, so a little child who was

given the jackal's heart to eat might grow up to be a coward.

When mother had had bad dreams in the night, and wanted to go out to dig up Bushman rice, she was afraid that the rice would not be good because it was dug up by one who had had bad dreams. So mother would take a stone and plunge it into the fire, saying some strange words as she did it, while she would wish that all the evil things in her dream might go into the fire and stay there instead of coming out with her to spoil the rice.

Mother and the others make pottery in this way. They find red earth with glittering particles in it. This they scoop out, put into a bag, sling over their left shoulder, and take home with them. As they go along, they pluck grass and bind it together, and take it to the hut. They pound the clay till it is soft, and they also pound the grass. Then they put the grass into the earth and make the pot wet, and while it is thus wet and soft they work

it and work it until it is molded to a beautiful shape. They smooth it and smooth it with a piece of bone, and then set it in the sun to dry, and whilst it is still damp, before the inner layers have got dry, they put fat on the pot inside and out so as to keep it from splitting. While the pot is drying they prepare gum from the stem of the gum tree by pounding the "gum berries" between stones. When it is a quite fine powder, they take it in their hands, and put it into the new pot and pour in water and put it to boil. They stir the gum with a spoon made from the horn of the springbok, and when it boils they take gum in the spoon and smear the outside of the pot with it. The Bushmen like to break bones by hitting them with a stone, and then they put the bone in to boil, but while a new pot is on the fire for the first time they do not break bones in this way for fear the shaking should split the new pot.

Sometimes when a bright star came out

father would say to me, "Give me that piece of wood, so that I may point it towards our grandmother, the star. For our grandmother, the star, carries Bushman rice, and grandmother will make a little warmth for us." Then father would sing and sing to the stars, and point the burning stick at them and throw fire at them. Then early next morning mother and the other women would go out to hunt for rice, taking one arm out of their garment so as to get that shoulder warmed by the sun.

XI. THE SPHINX

An Egyptian Story

In Egypt to-day may be seen many strange stone figures, called sphinxes, having the bodies of animals but the faces of men, and these figures are often thousands of years old. Quite often avenues of sphinxes guarded the path to the temple, as in the avenue leading to the temple of Thebes. The Assyrians and Greeks and other nations borrowed the custom of carving sphinx-shaped figures from the Egyptians, and the Greeks had a quaint story of the riddle of the sphinx. They said that there used to be a sphinx which had the face of a woman, the feet and tail of a lion, and the wings of a bird. This sphinx used to ask the Thebans a riddle: "What is that which is four-footed, three-footed, and two-footed?" When they failed to guess the answer, she

The Sphinx

used to carry off one of their number and devour him.

At last some one guessed the answer, which was "Man." For as an infant man crawls on hands and feet, in his youth he walks upright upon his two feet, and in old age he leans upon a stick and thus has three feet. The sphinx was so vexed when the riddle was correctly answered that she threw herself down from the mountain.

But the most famous sphinx of all is the Great Sphinx of Gizeh, which is 189 feet long. Its face looks out due east from the Pyramids to the Nile valley, and it may possibly have been carved here to act as a guardian of the entrance to the Nile valley. It is very, very old, and may have been carved nearly five thousand years ago in the time of the king who came to the throne of Egypt after Cheops, the Pyramid Builder.

This sphinx stands on the edge of the sandy desert, and over and over again its body has

been buried beneath the sands of the desert. About a hundred years ago part of the sand was cleared away, and it was found that a small stone temple, ten feet long by five feet broad, had been built between the paws of the figure, just beneath its chin. Carved on a block of red granite set up against the breast of the sphinx was the following story of King Thothmes IV., who lived about one thousand four hundred years before Christ:

"When His Majesty was a youth he was as beautiful as Horus, and his soldiers rejoiced in his fine appearance and brave deeds. He would often betake himself to the Libyan desert for the pleasure of shooting his darts at the lions or chasing the gazelles of the desert. When he went hunting he only took one servant with him, and thus no one guessed who he was. Once when he had been hunting thus in the morning, he grew weary in the midday heat and lay down in the shadow of the mighty sphinx. He fell asleep at the moment

when the sun was highest in the sky. As soon as the Prince went to sleep the mighty sphinx opened its mouth and spoke to him gently, just as a father might speak to his son, saying, 'Look upon me. Gaze upon me, oh, my son Thothmes, for I am thy father and have made thee king of the lands of the south and north, and thou shalt wear the white crown and the red crown. May riches and abundance and splendor be thine, for my heart is thine. I have given thee all these things, so that thou mayest do what my heart desires. Long have my limbs been covered by the sand of the desert. My son, do thou draw near me and clean the limbs of thy beloved father.' "

When the Prince awoke, he understood that the god had promised to give him the kingdom on condition that he promised to clean the sand from the statue. Shortly afterwards he married the Queen, and became King of Egypt. He at once kept his word and re-

moved the sand from the statue. It was not at all an easy task, and when it was at last finished, the King built the temple between the paws, and placed against the breast of the statue the red granite slab on which was written the story of his dream. But the winds from the desert soon again heaped the sand upon and around the statue, and its feet and body were once more buried, as were the temple and the slab. Although the feet and body were partly uncovered a hundred years ago, the sand soon buried them again.

XII. THIDRANDI AND THE GODDESSES [1]

An Icelandic Story

In the days of Earl Hakon there came to Iceland from Norway a very wise man named Thorhallr. He lived at Horgsland, and because he had the gift of second sight the people called him Thorhallr the Spaeman. Now at Hof there lived a man named Hallr, and he and Thorhallr were very close friends. Each summer when he was riding to the council, Hallr stayed at Horgsland, and when he returned home he always invited Thorhallr to stay with him.

Hallr's eldest son, Thidrandi, was a very handsome and accomplished young man, and his father loved him very dearly. Wherever

[1] For the translation of this story from the Icelandic I am indebted to Miss L. Winstanley, M.A., of University College of Wales, Aberystwyth.

he traveled, Thidrandi made friends, for he was courteous to every one, and was happy by nature. One summer Hallr gave his usual invitation to Thorhallr, and when the wise man reached Hof, Hallr welcomed him joyously. Thorhallr remained with his friend all through the summer, and presently Thidrandi returned home from his travels. When the friends of the family praised Thidrandi's many gifts and accomplishments, the only one who remained silent was Thorhallr the Spaeman. Thidrandi's father at last remarked this silence, and asked the wise man why he said nothing and whether he disliked Thidrandi. "No," replied Thorhallr; "I think Thidrandi a splendid youth. But I see farther than other men, and it is not good for you or for him that he should be praised too much."

As the summer drew to an end, Thorhallr became exceedingly sad and told Hallr that he felt some misfortune was hanging over his family.

One winter night they held a great festival to which many guests had been invited. So wild and stormy was the night, however, that not all the invited guests reached the hall. As they were sitting at the board that evening Thorhallr said, "I hope every one present will follow my advice. It is that no one shall go out to-night, for I can see that a great misfortune will happen if any one crosses the threshold." Hallr had very great faith in Thorhallr the Spaeman, and he asked every one to obey him. Thidrandi went about among them all, and was exceedingly courteous and kind, and when the time for sleep came, Thidrandi gave up his room to one of the guests and went to lie down on a bench in the outer hall.

When they were nearly all asleep there came a knocking at the door, but no one seemed to hear it, for no one stirred. Thidrandi got up, thinking to himself, "It is a great disgrace that we should be asleep when

perhaps some more of our guests are coming." He took his sword in his hand and went out, but saw no one. It then crossed his mind that some of the guests might have ridden up to the door and turned away when they found no one there. He went out to look and heard a sound of galloping in the fields to the north. He saw that there were nine women, all clad in black, and all with drawn swords in their hands. He heard a sound of galloping in the south, and there he saw nine women all clad in bright garments and riding on white horses. Then Thidrandi felt afraid and tried to return, but one of the women clad in black bore down upon him and struck him with her sword.

Some time afterwards, Thorhallr awoke and called to see if Thidrandi were awake too, but received no answer. The wise man at once roused the others, and they went forth to search for Thidrandi. It was starlight, and a clear frosty night, so they easily

saw Thidrandi lying there sorely wounded. They carried him in, and he told them all that had happened, and at daybreak he died. Thorhallr said, "I am not sure, but I think that those women were the old goddesses of the land, who have taken this revenge because you are a Christian, and therefore do not pay them any tribute."

And yet another time it happened that Thorhallr the Spaeman was staying at Hof. Hallr slept in one small sleeping chamber and Thorhallr in another close by. At dawn, as they were waking, Thorhallr cried out joyously. "Why are you so pleased?" asked Hallr. Thorhallr answered, "Because just now I saw the hills opening and all the heathen spirits—giants, trolls, fairies, dwarfs —packing up bag and baggage and making a flitting day of it to go away for ever."

XIII. THE SNOW MAIDEN

A Russian Story

Many years ago, in a distant Russian village, there lived in a small wooden hut a peasant named Akem and his wife Masha. They loved one another dearly, but often fretted because they had no child. One cold winter day the snow lay thick upon the uneven country roads. The little village boys were running about throwing snowballs to keep themselves warm or making snow men and snow women.

Akem and Masha were now quite old, and sat at the window watching the children. Suddenly Akem began to laugh, and said, "Masha dear, will you come out into the road, and help me make a snow man?" The old woman laughed and said she would come, although it seemed a queer thing to do at their

Old-Time Winter Sports in Russia

age. "But," added she, "we won't make a man or a woman; we will make a little snow child, since Providence has not given us a real one."

Off went the old couple, and soon they were busy making their snow child and laughing a good deal at themselves for playing like children. A peasant passed and asked them whatever they were doing. When they said they were making a snow child because they had no real one, the peasant thought they were a little mad, and exclaimed as he passed on his way, "May the Saints help you!"

When they had fixed the snow child together, Akem made the nose and the eyes, and was just drawing a small line for the mouth when a most wonderful thing happened. He felt warm breath coming out of the mouth, and looking at the snow child he saw that it had become a real child, with blue eyes and pink cheeks, and the dearest little nose in the world! Akem was frightened, and crossed

himself many times, but the little child threw her arms first round Akem and then round Masha, and kissed each of them warmly.

The poor old folk trembled with joy, and knew that at last the wish of their hearts had been granted. They took the lovely child into their hut, and Masha was as happy as the day is long. But poor Akem could not help feeling much puzzled, and often rubbed his head and wondered whether he was awake or dreaming. The Snow Maiden grew as much in an hour as other children grow in a day, and soon was a tall, beautiful maiden, who brought mirth and happiness into the wooden hut. The village girls and boys began to come to the hut to play and chat and sing with the Snow Maiden. She had a most lovely white skin, just like snow, and was the picture of health and prettiness. Though she was only a few days old, she looked and talked and behaved just like a girl of seventeen.

The old folk often said to one another how

kind Providence had been to give them such a daughter, for she was as cheerful and gay as she was pretty. Every one loved her because she was so good-natured and so willing to please, and she was the most obedient and affectionate daughter any parents could wish to have. That winter was the happiest that Akem and Masha had ever known.

At last it came to an end: the spring sun came out, the swallows were flying in and out, and the grass and trees lost their snow-covering and became green once more. The Russian peasant girls and youths met beneath the trees in the forest to dance and to sing their pretty Russian songs. The only maiden who did not share their gay pleasure in the spring was the Snow Maiden. Each day she, alas! grew more dull.

Her anxious mother often asked her what had happened to change her bright, cheerful Snow Maiden into such a dull girl. "Nothing is the matter with me, darling Mother mine,"

replied the Snow Maiden. Yet day by day she drooped and faded and lost her pretty colour and her gay ways.

Soon the last snow was gone, and the gardens began to bloom. The rivers and lakes were no longer frozen, and began to ripple. The birds sang and all the world, except our little Snow Maiden, seemed happy.

She, poor child, sat with folded hands in the coolest part of the hut. She loved the cold winter, for it was her best friend, and she did not mind the slanting rays of the winter sun. But the broiling summer sun was her great enemy, for she had been born of the winter snow. At last the summer feast-day came, and the young folk begged Masha to let the Snow Maiden come with them for a romp. Thinking it might cheer her, Masha agreed, but she added, "Do take care of her, for she is the apple of my eye."

"She's just as dear to us," cried the young folk gayly. Then they took Snow Maiden

with them into the forest, where the girls made themselves wreaths, while the youths gathered sticks and piled them into a great heap. At sunset they set fire to the heap, and arranged themselves in a row, one behind the other, and began to jump over the burning heap. The Snow Maiden was the last in the row. One! two! three! away they went, jumping over the flames with great delight. Suddenly they heard a wild shriek, and, looking round, missed the Snow Maiden.

They searched everywhere for her but could not find her, and at last thought she must have run home. By this time their faces were grave and sorrowful. They found no Snow Maiden in the hut, and though they searched every hut, and every tree in the forest, they never saw her again. Poor Masha wandered day after day and night after night in the great forest calling like a cuckoo, "Oh, my little Snow Maiden! Oh, my little darling!" But never again did Masha hear her

sweet voice replying. Had the wild beasts of the forest eaten her? or the robber bird carried her off to the sea? No, but as our little friend was jumping over the flames she had changed into a thin, fleecy white cloud and had floated away to the sky.

Russian Village in a Woodland Clearing

XIV. THE BRIDGE BUILDER

A Russian Story

In Russia there lived a rich merchant. He and his wife were good and kindly folk, and were very happy in many ways, though they had one great grief. This was that they had no child. Still they made the best of it, and fed and clothed and comforted the children of the poor around them, and were always ready to give kindly help to those in need. Though these kind deeds did not cure their grief, they made the merchant and his wife beloved in their district, and this brought them much quiet pleasure.

The merchant's home was near a broad, dark river. So large and angry were the waves upon the river that it was almost impossible for boats to cross—many a life had been lost in the attempt. The merchant felt

that it was a very great drawback to the people in the district to have no way of getting across the river, and determined to put the matter right. So he built a strong bridge across which people might pass in safety, and great was the love that this useful piece of service to his neighbors won for him.

When the bridge was finally opened, Theodore, one of the merchant's most trusted clerks, hid himself upon it to hear what the passers-by said about it. There came across it three holy men, one of whom said, "This bridge is indeed a wonderful thing. The good merchant is always trying to help and please folk. We ought to try to please him." The second holy man said, "How can we? He is the richest man in the kingdom and does not want anything." "Yes, brother, he does," said the third; "he wants a child." "Of course," said the first; "how stupid of me not to think of that earlier. He shall have a son, and a son that will bring luck, too."

Theodore went home and told his master, and sure enough that very year a son was born to the merchant. But the wicked clerk began to feel jealous of his master, because the child was to bring him luck, and thought of a dreadful plan to steal the lucky child. He killed a dove, and sprinkled the blood on the bed of the child's mother. Then he took the child home and gave it into the charge of an old woman. When the baby was missed, the wicked clerk accused the child's mother of killing it, and showed the bloodstains as proof. The merchant was grieved beyond all words, but he did not cause his wife to be killed, as the clerk had expected. He only had her kept a prisoner.

Theodore then left the merchant's service, and the child certainly brought him luck, for he became wealthy and married the daughter of the king whose lands stretched down to the other side of the bridge. Now one evening the princess and her husband were sitting

chatting, when she suddenly said to him, "However did you manage to become so rich? I have heard that you were once only a poor clerk in the service of the good merchant who built the bridge." After some coaxing on the part of the princess, the wicked Theodore told the whole story of how he had stolen the merchant's son, because the holy man had said that he was a child who would bring luck with him.

The poor princess was so horrified at the thought of having become the wife of such a wicked wretch that she did not know what to say or do. However, she had no time to say anything, for it chanced that the merchant's little son had heard every word of the confession. He now sprang forward and cried out angrily, "May this wicked wretch be changed into a dog." And even as he spoke the guilty clerk became a miserable, half-starved cur. The little boy put a chain round its neck and started off for his father's home. "My good

HUNGARIANS GOING TO MARKET

man," said he to his father, "give me a red-hot coal, please." "Whatever for?" said the merchant. "My dog is rather hungry and I want to feed him," replied the boy. "Now where on earth did any one ever hear of a Christian feeding his dog on hot coals?" exclaimed the merchant in horror. "And will you please tell me," answered the child, "where was a Christian mother ever known to kill her baby?"

Then the boy told his father the whole story, and the merchant and his wife and child were at last united and happy. As for the dog, he died—whether from eating hot coals or from something else, I cannot tell you.

XV. SALT

A Hungarian Tale

There once lived in Hungary an old king who had three grown-up daughters. He felt that he was too old to remain king any longer, and decided to share his kingdom between his children. He sent for the three maidens, and said to the eldest, "Do you love me?" She replied, "Father, I love you as dearly as doves love cheese." "Good," replied he. Then, turning to the second, "And you, my dear, do you love me?" "Father," said she, "I love you as one loves cool breezes in the burning summer heat." "Good," replied he. Then, turning to the third, "And you?" "Father," answered the youngest princess, "I love you as much as you love salt."

Upon hearing this, the old king flew into a great rage, and said that his youngest daugh-

ter had insulted him by a wicked speech, and that she should be sent into exile at once. In vain did the poor young girl shed bitter tears and try to explain that she meant that she loved her father so dearly that she could not do without him. He refused to hear a word, and ordered one of his retainers to take her to the frontier of his kingdom and send her into lifelong exile.

Next day the old servant and the princess set forth on their sad journey. Fortunately the old man was kind and wise. "Do not weep," said he to the princess, "and do not be frightened. I have put in my knapsack all your prettiest frocks, and also a complete peasant girl's costume, in which you must dress yourself presently. Before I entered your father's service, I was in that of the neighboring king. Go to his castle dressed in these peasant clothes and ask to be employed as a goose girl. You will be quite safe there, and when your father repents of his unkind and

hasty judgment, I will come to fetch you back home."

The poor princess did as the kind old man suggested, and became a goose girl in the service of the queen of the neighboring land. Some time afterwards a great festival was held, and every evening the king's son dressed himself in gay clothes and rode off to dance in the castles in the district. And what of the little goose girl? In the evening she pretended to go to bed, but secretly she opened the knapsack in which the old servant had put her pretty frocks. From it she took out one of a sky-blue tint, dressed herself as became a princess, stole softly to the stable, and mounted on horseback. Then she rode off to the castle where the prince was dancing.

So lovely was she that every one began to talk about her, and the prince himself danced with her. At midnight she slipped away, mounted her horse, and rode off as swiftly as lightning. Next day she dressed in her peas-

ant costume and minded the geese as usual. It chanced that the prince met her and thought to himself, "How strange that this little goose girl should remind me of the beautiful maiden with whom I danced last night." Next evening she clothed herself in a gown that shimmered like moonlight, rode off again to the castle, and again danced with the prince. On the third evening she went to the ball once more, this time in a robe of the warm tint of sunshine, and once more she danced with the prince.

Now as it struck midnight, she hurried off, but in going out at the door, her little red shoe fell off her right foot. The prince picked it up, and next morning he sent for the town crier and ordered him to proclaim that the maiden who could prove that it was her shoe should become his bride. For three days the castle was besieged by maidens who came to try on the little shoe, but none was the maiden for whom the prince was waiting.

At last he sent for the little goose girl, much to the disgust of the other maidens. As they were whispering and grumbling, in came the young princess dressed in the robe of the warm tint of sunshine. So happy was the prince that he insisted on marrying her at once. After they were married, his wife told him the whole story of how she had come to be a goose girl, and the prince determined that he would reconcile the father and daughter. He therefore sent a message to the old king inviting him to dinner at the castle.

The king accepted, and a grand feast was prepared, but the old king hardly ate a mouthful of all the various dishes placed before him. At last he couldn't help saying, "What an extraordinary cook you must have. She has not put a grain of salt in any of the food." The young prince replied, "But that is my fault. I thought you did not like salt, and ordered her not to use any in preparing your dinner." "Whoever could have told you such

Breton Scene

(Drawn by Randolph Caldecott)

a stupid thing about me?" said the old king in angry tones. "Why, your daughter," replied the prince, and in came the princess with tears in her eyes. Before she had time to say a word she was in her father's arms, and there was great rejoicing in the palace at this happy ending to an unfortunate quarrel.

XVI. ST. RONAN

A Story from Brittany

In olden times the links between Brittany, Cornwall, Wales, and Ireland were very close, as many legends still lingering in the more remote parts of these lands remind us. The peasants of Brittany have a beautiful story of the creation of Ireland. Long ago a strip of Paradise became loosened and floated out on to an unknown sea. God anchored it there with diamond cables, and the brackish waters of the sea for seven leagues around the sacred strip became pure and sweet to drink. A mist hid the isle always from the gaze of passing sailors, and upon it there dwelt the souls of those saints who were to go out from Ireland and convert the world.

In those times the men of the Breton coast

frequently went cod-fishing, and stayed for weeks upon the sea. One night, as some of these fishermen lay sleeping in the bottom of their boats, they were roused by a great eddy in the sea. They saw a most strange sight, for plowing through the waters was a huge rock covered with sweet-scented seaweed, and kneeling on it was a figure with a radiant aureole about its head. It was thus that St. Ronan came from Ireland to Brittany.

He landed upon a strip of the Leon coast where the people were heathen, and where, sad to relate, they lived by plundering the vessels so often wrecked upon this rocky and dangerous coast. Ronan made many efforts to soften and convert these people, but they hated him bitterly, because after he came to dwell in their midst, shipwrecks became rarer and rarer. For the saint had a bell whose clear sound warned approaching ships on foggy nights to steer away from the rocks. The women especially murmured fiercely that

since the coming of the saint the sea had ceased to yield its harvest of wine and food and timber, of rich clothes and jewels to be torn from the unfortunate victims drowned in the stormy waters.

Fearing lest he should be tempted to curse them for their wicked ways, the saint decided to go farther inland, and the rock upon which he had floated to the Leon coast, and which he called his "Stone Horse," accompanied him. Ronan journeyed till he reached a high plateau bare of trees. It was covered with heather and sweet-scented herbs, and above it there towered a rock shaped like a temple. The saint planted his pilgrim's staff in the soil, and it at once became turned into a granite cross, so that he knew that this was a spot where he must stay. It was the evening hour, so pleasant on the Breton shore. Towards the west the saint saw the peaceful country with its chimneys half hidden among the trees sending out soft gray-blue smoke,

and far beyond that stretched the sea, touched with the softly blended colors of the setting sun.

"May peace rest for ever upon this lonely place," murmured the saint, and his wish has been granted, for to this day the spot has kept its ancient calm undisturbed by man, and this little oasis of the past still stands. The saint lived there breathing in the fragrance of the winds from the west, which seemed to him to be full of greetings from his beloved Ireland. He built himself a little shelter of branches and twigs, and determined to have no more to do with men, so much had he been shocked by the cruelty of the inhospitable dwellers on the Leon coast. But he made friends with all the wild things of the hill and the woods below; birds, beasts, and even flowers seemed to him to return his tender friendship. Once a wolf, with a kindly desire to please Ronan, caught a terrified little lamb and laid it at the saint's feet. Ronan revived the poor trembling crea-

ture, and made the wolf understand that he must not hurt the tender lambs. It is this which has given rise to the Breton saying, "Gentle as St. Ronan's wolf."

But if the animals and birds felt a great trust in St. Ronan, it was quite otherwise with the people of the district below his retreat. They feared and hated him, because they thought he had magic powers and could do them dreadful harm. They went to the lord of the manor and told him that they were going to drive St. Ronan out as a dangerous criminal. But the lord of the manor was a wise and tolerant man. He reminded them that if St. Ronan really had these evil powers, it would be wise not to irritate him into using them to their full extent. "Besides," he added, "I think you are mistaken. I have watched him spend time and effort in tenderly releasing a fly from a spider's web in such a way as to do as little harm as possible either to the fly's wings or the spider's web. Surely

that is the act of a kind and gentle saint, not of an evil magician."

The people then begged the lord of the manor to go and ask St. Ronan not to do them any harm, for they still feared him. He went, and soon he and the saint were deep in talk about the life and teachings of Christ. The master of Kernevez was converted and became the devoted disciple of St. Ronan. Each day he went to spend long hours with the saint in prayer and praise.

But Kében, the wife of the master of Kernevez, was far from being converted, and each day she hated St. Ronan more, and railed more furiously at her husband for wasting his time upon the hill with the saint, instead of working on his farm in the valley.

She could not succeed by fair means in breaking her husband's belief in the saint, so she hatched a wicked plot against Ronan. The father's favorite child was a little girl of eight, fair and pure and gentle. Her mother

took the sleeping child from bed one night and hid her in a great oak chest in a disused barn. Then she returned home and startled her husband by a series of wild shrieks, which attracted the neighbors from all sides. She then declared with many sobs that she had seen Ronan disguised as a monster, in shape and appearance something between a man and a wolf, carry off her little daughter. The saint was seized and carried before the King, who ordered his dogs to be set upon the saint. Judge of the surprise of the King and the watching crowd when the furious beasts suddenly became calm and docile, and, instead of tearing the saint to pieces, lay quietly at his feet, licking his rags and allowing him to caress them. The saint then told the King what the mother had done, a search was made, and the child was found dead in the chest. The saint restored her to life and calmed the angry crowd, when it would have stoned the wicked Kében.

He then returned to his retreat, more determined than ever to talk to no human being save the lord of Kernevez. One spring the saint died, and so much did the folk still fear him that they did not dare choose his burial-place, so they placed his body in a cart, to which were harnessed two oxen, and let the oxen wander on till they found a place in which to bury the saint. At every step the bell, whose clear notes St. Ronan had used to warn vessels of the rocky coast, and which he still held clasped in his hand, sounded sadly. For three hours the oxen plodded steadily on, and the bell sounded its mournful dirge. Then in the depth of the woods on the western slope of the mountain the oxen stopped and the bell ceased its sad music. A grave was dug, and attempts were made to lower St. Ronan into it. But though twenty men put forth all their strength, they could not move his body from the cart, and small wonder, for the cart had been changed to a solid slab of rock, on

which lay, as if carved by a sculptor, the body of St. Ronan, also changed to stone. The very trees around had been changed to stone, and their trunks appeared as slender pillars of beautiful granite, while their branches intertwined and formed an arching vault of stone lace-work. This, says legend, is how the first church of Locronan was built.